LEAVING WEST VIRGINIA HOME FOR DIXIE.

BY T. S. FOX, BRANDON, TEX.

About the 1st of August, 1862, the Federal government called for a certain number of soldiers. This included West Virginia, and at that time most of the State was in possession of the Yankees and there was strong talk of drafting the men needed. A few boys in Harrison County did not intend to wear the blue nor to fight against Mr. Davis. As the country was invested by many Federals and many citizens in sympathy watched every one suspected of intention to go to Dixie, we had to be very cautious in every way. The law was that the men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, I think, should meet once a year for general muster. We met thus on August 11, 1862, near West Milford, Harrison County, at which time we made arrangements for starting South. The 12th was the day set to start, but we waited until the night of the 14th, and were to meet at nine o'clock at the residence of Rev. Edmondson Denison, by Lost Creek.

A few days before, while I was in Clarksburg, the Yankees wanted me to take the oath. They told my mother that they heard I was going to the Rebel army, and if I didn't go in and take the oath I would have trouble. When she told me of this, I replied that I would report in Dixie.

When dark came on, we moved in the direction that was to occupy our most faithful attention for nearly three years, ending only at Appomattox. Some of the noble young men who made that memorable trip across the mountain were Adams, Levy Unort and brother, Bill Grawley, J. B. Robinson, Peter Blair, T. S. Fox, Percy and Burel Queen, Dave Hall, Rush and Isaac Golden, Scott James, Clark Dawson, Enoch Gasting, and three Denison boys, sons of Rev. E. Denison, also Joe Denison, their cousin, and some others that I cannot remember. Two weeks previous to this Tom Arnesley had quietly come into the community. He had gone out with the first volunteers and was to be our captain. His son John was with him. There were ten or twelve on foot, the rest being on horseback. The Captain and son were of those walking, and were in front most of the time. We started out in single file, the Captain leading the way. It was dark and cloudy, and soon began to rain. The streams were all swollen, but nothing daunted us. We would climb on behind the horsemen in crossing and walk on again. I was indebted to Percy Queen for several "double" rides. We traveled all night, arriving near the town of Centerville, in Upshur County, about sunrise the next morning, where we expected to find a Federal picket. Here we doubled up again and made our first charge, but there were no pickets.

We had now passed the dangerous point on our trip; but we continued to press forward till about ten o'clock, when the Captain called a halt where there was a large flat rock covering about one-fourth of an acre, on which we lay around to dry our clothes. Just here I wished I was back at home, but it was the only time I ever regretted going to Dixie. I had a pair of calfskin boots to make this trip in, and that morning they were run down, legs and all. I straightened them as best I could and ate the little snack that mother had put in my coat pocket. Owing to the rain, it did not look very tempting, but I did not know where the next was coming from. I ate the last of it on that rock, and did not get anything more until the next evening.

After resting about an hour, Capt. Arnesley called us up, and we moved out in the direction of the county seat of Webster County. However, we did not go through that place, but went into camp that night in "the glades of Webster." Here we met up with quite a company of men from Lewis and Braxton Counties. They were in charge of John C. Tavenner, who became captain of the company and later was lieutenant colonel of the 17th Virginia Cavalry. He was killed at Frederick City, Md., in 1864, fighting Gen. Lew Wallace. From this camp all moved out on the same road across Ewe Mountain, said to be twenty-eight miles across, with only two horses and nothing but a bridle path for a road. We camped at the first house, and some of the men bought a stand of bees, eating honey for supper that night. We traveled all of the next day, and some of the men shot a deer. That night we came to what was called Williams Farm, which was ten or twelve miles from any settlement. There had been a crop of wheat threshed here, so we all slept in and around the straw stack. I had a piece of the deer for my supper. The next morning we feared being cut off and captured by the Yankees, for we heard that there was a company coming from Huntersville to Mill Point to cut us off; so when we came out of the mountain that morning the Captain formed us by twos in line of march, placing all the guns and pistols in front and the remainder of the men with poles that we might make a show. At the time we had about thirteen guns and pistols, and with this company we were to drive those soldiers away from our front; but on the way we met one of those rangers to which company John C. Tavenner had belonged. They were looking for Capt. Tavenner to come through with his men. This man told us the Yankees were down at the bridge on the river that morning, but had gone. We moved down the valley to the town. Only a few families lived there, but it was a finely settled country and the most hospitable people that I found anywhere during the three years I was in the army. We all soon realized that we were among friends.

On the nineteenth day of the month the two leaders of our companies began to enroll the boys into separate companies, Capt. Arnesley enrolling as cavalry and Capt. Tavenner as infantry; and as some few of us who lived in Harrison County had no horses, we joined Capt. Tavenner's company. As I remember, Isaac and Scott Golden, Martin and Blackwell Sims, and the writer were of those from Harrison County. The company was organized that evening. Capt. Arnesley's company remained at Mill Point and Capt. Tavenner moved his two or three miles to Crossroads, in Pocahontas County. Here we elected our officers, drew rations, cooked and ate, drilled and wrestled, ran foot races, and had a good time. Our commissioned officers were Capt. J. C. Tavenner, Lieuts. Thad Waldo, William Camden, and Presley Craig.

We remained at Crossroads about two weeks, when Gen. Albert Jenkins came along and persuaded the company to go into cavalry. The majority favored this. We stayed there some months, all the while drilling and trying to get mounted. Gen. Jenkins went on his memorable raid to West Virginia and Capt. Arnesley's company went with him. Capt. Tavenner's company moved from the Crossroads to the Narrows of New River, in Giles County, and stayed there till about the last of December, when we moved to Salem, in Roanoke County, and wintered there. The writer was sent on detached service to feed the company's horses here in this camp. The regiment was organized and mustered as the 17th Virginia Cavalry, and was ever after found in Gen. Jenkins's Brigade; and when he fell in battle, Gen. McCauslin was assigned to command and ceased fighting at Appomattox with R. E. Lee.

Now, if any of the old "greasers" or any of the comrades from Harrison County, W. Va., should see this little reminiscence that I have written, I should be glad to hear from any of them. My address is Brandon, Tex.

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BOTH SURPRISED.

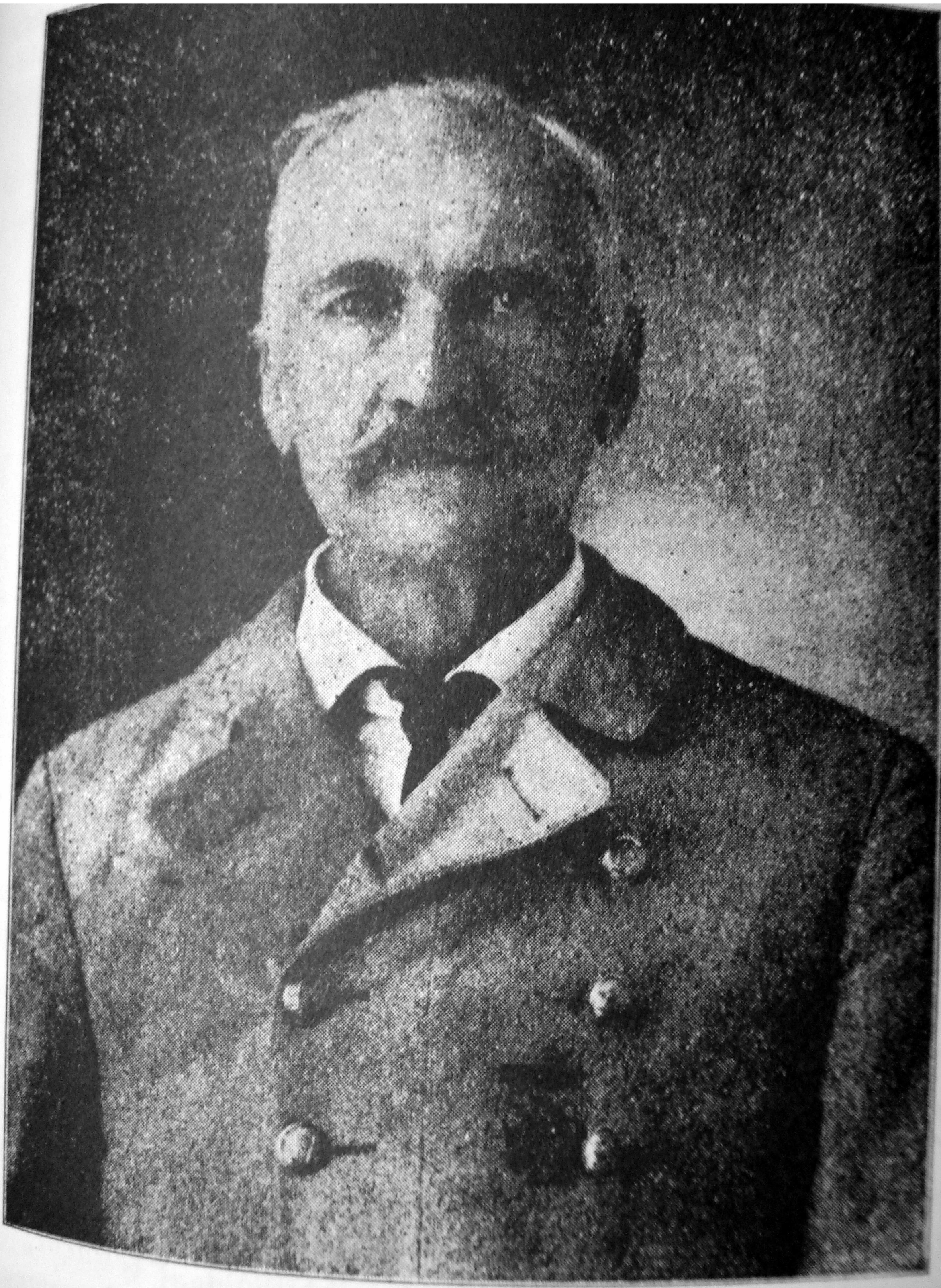
BY S. N. BOSWORTH, BEVERLY, W. VA.

In 1864 Gen. William L. Jackson's brigade was in Pocahontas County, while the Yankees were in Randolph. No troops from either side occupied a considerable territory on the borders of each county except scouting parties. An Irishman by the name of John Baker, belonging to one of Jackson's cavalry regiments, was rather fond of liquor, and one day he went to a stillhouse in this neutral territory and got his canteen filled. When he came out, to his surprise there was a Yank with his gun ready to fire, and he told Johnny to surrender. "Certainly," says Johnny, and handed over his gun. They started off together, each on his own horse, but had not gone far before Baker discovered that his captor was an Irishman also; so he said to him: "What the divil is the use of us quarreling over this thing? We are both from the same country. Won't you have a drink?" The Yankee says: "Certainly." Johnny handed him his canteen, which he turned up and had a drink. When he took it down, behold, a pistol was pointing at his breast. With the remark, "Maybe you'll surrender to me now," the Yankee was taken a prisoner to Jackson's Brigade.

Gen. A. C. L. Gatewood, U. C. V.

This gallant Confederate veteran died at his home, at Linwood, Pocahontas County, W. Va., July 31, 1919. He was born at Old Sweet Springs, Va., on June 30, 1843, and spent his boyhood days there and at Mountain Grove, Bath County, Va. He had entered the Virginia Military Institute, but at the outbreak of war he enlisted with the Cadet Corps in the service of his State. He was first in the Army of Northwest Virginia and was with General Garnett at Carrick's Ford. On the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862 he was elected second lieutenant of Company F, of the famous Bath Squadron, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Robinson's (afterwards Rosser's) Brigade, and served continuously in the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the war. He was twice wounded, the first time in a cavalry fight near Bunker Hill, Va., in 1862, when he received a saber cut over the right temple. He was again wounded in the battle of the Wilderness by a Minié ball in his neck. "He was one of the beardless boys in gray who helped to make the Confederate soldier famous throughout the world for courage and endurance and to emblazon upon the pages of history unparalleled feats of arms."

He was genial and kind-hearted, popular with both officers and men. In 1869 he married Mary S. Warwick, daughter of Judge James W. Warwick, of Warm Springs, Va., and is survived by his wife, four sons, and one daughter. After the war he was awarded his diploma from the Virginia Military Institute as a graduate in civil engineering. In 1877 he moved from Mountain Grove, Va., to Big Spring (now Linwood), W. Va., where he became prominently connected in the affairs of the county and devoted his life to farming and stock-raising. He assisted in organizing Confederate Camps in his county and was an active member of Moffett Poage Camp,



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[J. Z. McChesney, Charleston, W. V

Judge John Chowning

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No. 949, U. C. V., at Marlinton, W. Va. At the organization of the West Virginia Division he became Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, which position he held until 1912, when he was elected Brigadier General of the First Brigade of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., which he held at the time of his death.

[J. Z. McChesney, Charleston, W. Va.]

Judge John Chowning Ewell.

Judge John Chowning Ewell, the oldest member of Lancaster County's bar, died suddenly at his home, in Bertrand, Va., on August 25, 1919. Although he had been in feeble health for many months, his death was a shock to the community, where he was much honored and loved by all who knew him.

Judge Ewell was born November 26, 1842, the son of James and Myra Chowning Ewell, and had lived on his ancestral

tled in Grayson County, where he had since lived..

Dr. W. S. Grimes.

In many homes of Wapello, Iowa, there was mourning for the faithful family physician, friend, and counselor, Dr. W. S. Grimes, whose death occurred recently, after a long, useful, well-spent life of service for others. For about half a century he served this community as a physician, and for years he was a leader of medical and surgical practitioners in this county. His death occurred at the ripe age of seventy-nine years.

W. S. Grimes was born in Pocahontas County, W. Va., on May 20, 1842. In 1861, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in Company B, 59th Virginia Regulars, C. S. A., and served until their capture at Roanoke Island. He was afterwards identified with Company B, 26th Virginia Battalion, and served during the remainder of the war.

In July, 1867, he entered college at Iowa City, Iowa, then completed his medical course at Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., later taking a postgraduate course in the same institution.

Soon after his graduation he located in Wapello and there spent the remainder of his life.

In June, 1875, he was married to Abbie Baker Grimes, who died in 1880, leaving him with two little daughters. His second wife was Laura E. Thompson, and one daughter was born to them. She survives him with the three daughters.

Those acquainted with Dr. Grimes know of his unselfish devotion to his people and his interest in the advancement of his community. He was untiring in his activities, and his efforts to do good morally were as persistent as his efforts to give physical relief. Dr. Grimes was also prominent in lodge work, being affiliated with Wapello Lodge, No. 5, A. F. and A. M., a charter member of the local Order of Eastern Star, and a member of the I. O. O. F. and Rebekah Lodges. He was also a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church for a number of years.

Adolphus Schoppaul.

Adolphus Schoppaul was born in Germany on June 11, 1834, and died at the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., on July 13, 1921. Comrade Schoppaul

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Comrade Parsons spent a number of years in the Confederate Home in Richmond before going to Williamsburg.

Comrades of West Virginia.

W. H. Cackley, of Ronceverte, W. Va., reports the following deaths:

W. R. Johnson, who died on February 28, 1923, at the age of eighty-five years, enlisted in the Confederate army from Greenbrier County.

John Hunter Nickell died on March 28, 1923, at Ronceverte, in his seventy-ninth year; enlisted from Monroe County; was a member of Camp Mike Foster, U. C. V., of Union, W. Va.

George Jackson, aged about eighty years, died at his home near Rutland, Ohio, April 2, 1923. He was a Pocahontas County boy, and served in Company F, Capt. W. I. McNeel, 19th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. William L. Jackson's brigade. After the war he went to Ohio, married there, and is survived by an adopted son and two grandchildren.

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Confederates severely wounded who
to be moved were Capt. M. B. Pil-
Capt. John M. Hickey, of Missouri."

DREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.—In Ala-
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BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE.

BY JUDGE W. M. POLLARD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

From 1861 to 1865 I suppose no regiment did more to add to the glory of Tennessee than Maney's 1st Regiment, C. S. A. On July 13, 1861, the regiment started for Virginia. When we reached Lynchburg, we heard of our first victory at Manassas. On July 30 the regiment started from Hillsboro, on the C. & O. Railroad, for the mountains of Northwest Virginia, and went into camp at Big Springs. While at this camp the 1st, under Colonel Maury, the 7th, under Colonel Hatton, and the 14th, under Colonel Forbes, formed a brigade of Tennesseeans commanded by Brig. Gen. Sam Anderson. Gen. R. E. Lee, having command of this department, attempted to bring Rosecrans to battle at Cheat Mountain Pass; but, owing to heavy rains, he was foiled in the attempt, and the enemy retreated. General Lee then came up with the enemy again at Big Sewell Mountain, and just as he was in readiness to attack Rosecrans again retreated. From Big Sewell Mountain the command marched back to Huntersville, then up the Valley of Virginia, arriving at Winchester December 25, 1861.

On January 1, 1862, the command, under Stonewall Jackson, started for the enemy. We were ordered on January 3 to cook two days' rations, also to carry forty rounds of ammunition and one blanket to each man. The boys concluded that they would not carry their blankets. On January 4 we came within four miles of Bath Springs, occupied by the enemy, and went into camp. We built our fires and awaited the wagon train to get blankets. But there were no wagons; hence no blankets. It snowed all night, and we had to stand around camp fires; in that way some of us slept. January 5 was spent in line of battle, marching and countermarching in snow six inches deep. About night the enemy fled, and we pursued to Hancock, Md., which place we reached at 11 P.M. and went into camp. This was the coldest night I ever felt. The ice froze six inches thick over the Potomac River; and still without blankets, we had to stand around camp fires to keep from freezing.

On January 7 we left Hancock for Romney. The roads were packed with snow as slick as ice, and men and horses were constantly falling. I frequently saw teams of six horses all down at once. Finally each company was detailed to go with its own wagon to help it along by pushing, and in this way we reached Romney, which had been evacuated by the enemy, leaving a large amount of commissary stores. We left Romney on February 2 and reached Winchester on the 7th. No command ever endured greater hardships than ours during this thirty-seven days from January 1 to February 7.

On the 19th the 1st Tennessee left Winchester, having been transferred to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's Army of Tennessee. At Lynchburg we first heard of the evacuation of Nashville. We failed to reach Corinth in time to engage in the battle of Shiloh, but were ordered to the field to cover the retreat.

We reorganized on April 29 by electing the following field officers: Maj. H. R. Fields, Colonel; Capt. John Patterson, Lieutenant Colonel; Capt. John L. House, Major. Thus ended our first year's service.

Bragg's campaign into Kentucky was our next experience. Starting on the march at Chattanooga, we crossed the Cumberland at Gainesboro, then through Kentucky to the battle of Perryville. Here the regiment charged three batteries, capturing two, and drove the enemy from the third. In this bat-

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tle it lost two-thirds of its men. Among the number was Lieut. Col. John Patterson. The charges of the regiment were so impetuous and so well executed that a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, in writing about the battle, said: "The movements of the 1st Tennessee Regiment were of the grace and regularity of the foldings and unfoldings of a coquette's fan."

From Perryville we retreated, crossing the Cumberland River at Burksville, Ky., via Cumberland Gap, on to Knoxville, Tenn., and thence to Murfreesboro, where was fought the great battle known by us as Murfreesboro and by the Federals as Stone's River. The regiment took an active part, capturing one battery and a number of prisoners. Thence to Shelbyville, Tullahoma, Chattanooga, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, where we were severely engaged on Saturday. On Sunday we were held in reserve till about 4 P.M., then ordered to our extreme right. Up to this time the battle had been raging fiercely, no one knowing who would be the victor. It was a critical moment. Many prominent officers rode to our line before the charge, telling of the situation and urging us to turn the tide. The order to forward was given, the Rebel yell was raised, and the regiment did the work. The enemy's lines began to break one after another, until the field was cleared, the victory ours, with the enemy in retreat. The next movement was toward Chattanooga, which could have been easily taken if the victory of the day before had been closely followed up and the enemy pressed.

Our next engagement was at Missionary Ridge in November, 1863. Our line was on the ridge facing Chattanooga. We could distinctly see every movement of the enemy, their troops landing from boats up the river just in our front. We saw their lines of battle, formed some five or six deep, marched toward us. As they came forward our artillery would plow lanes through them, but they would close up their ranks and come on undaunted. The scene was inspiring, but awful. Soon the skirmishers were engaged, and then the main line. The enemy continued to press forward. We were moved to the extreme right, a little beyond the railroad tunnel just in the rear of our line of battle, as a reserve. As the wounded came back we were informed that the enemy were within forty feet of our lines. At last we were ordered forward. The writer fell within twenty feet of the enemy, shot through the right lung. The lines met in hand-to-hand conflict. One man in our regiment tore off the flag from the staff of a Federal regiment, but the color bearer held to the staff and carried it off as our command drove them down the hill. The victory was ours on that part of the line; but our lines on the left were turned and our forces retreated, losing many pieces of artillery. Then the army fell back to Dalton for the winter.

In April, 1864, the Dalton campaign began, and the fighting from that point to Atlanta and round it was almost of daily occurrence; but among the many, I will mention only the fight at the Octagon house, not far from Cartersville, where the regiment held the enemy in check for many hours, and at what is known as the "Dead Angle," in front of Marietta, when the enemy, some three lines deep, charged and tried to take the point. They succeeded in reaching our works and planting their colors thereon; but they left behind them more of their dead than we had men in our regiment.

In the battle of July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, our regiment charged, drove the enemy from our line of works, followed them to the second, and there both lines were separated only five feet apart by earthen works. Both lines retreated that night, though we afterwards returned and held the ground.

After the evacuation of Atlanta, Hood came into Tennessee, reaching Franklin in November, 1864, where one of the bloodiest battles of the war took place. We charged through open fields for a mile under a galling fire until we reached the enemy's works, which were stubbornly held till late in the night, when they retreated.

Then came the battle of Nashville, where Hood met his Waterloo; the march out of Tennessee and on up through the Carolinas; the fight at Bentonville, N. C.; then the surrender in April, 1865, when, with ranks decimated, few of the Tennesseeans made their way by Asheville, N. C., down the French Broad and across to Greeneville, Tenn., where we took the cars for Nashville.

Many details are omitted that would be of interest. No mention is made of personal bravery shown by many at different times. Suffice it to say, this regiment was composed of many men like our Comrade Sam Davis, for he was at one time a member of the regiment.

Recent Reunion of the Regiment.

On Saturday, October 9, 1909, the survivors of the 1st Tennessee Regiment had a reunion and barbecue in the Centennial grounds at Nashville. Conditions were most favorable for the event. Judge Pollard presided, and in his introductory remarks he told about the great fear of some of the boys that the war would end before they could get into a fight.

Dr. Murfree, of Murfreesboro, who was a member of the Rutherford Rifles, was the first speaker. He gave a brief history of his company (C) and expressed his pride in having been a Confederate soldier.

Judge H. H. Cook gave entertaining reminiscences of the regiment and its excellence in drill. He told of a fine supper served at the old Nashville Academy presided over by Rev. Dr. C. D. Elliott.

Col. Thomas Claiborne, who was a staff officer, gave a vivid account of the battle of Perryville. The venerable veteran was in a memorable battle in Mexico sixty-two years, lacking two days, before that day.

When the survivors had assembled after the delicious dinner, it was ascertained that there were present of the companies as follows: A, 6; B, 4; C, 5; D, 6; F, 6; G, 1; H, 2; I, 9; K, 1; total, 40. There were evidently more than a thousand members on the roll of the regiment.

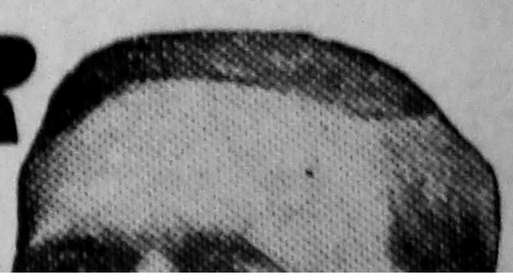
Kentucky Veterans in Reunion.—The Kentucky veterans held their annual reunion at Pewee Valley in October, 1909. Col. Bennett H. Young was reëlected Division Commander. Rev. John R. Deering, of Lexington, delivered a tribute to Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, and Col. Thomas W. Scott, of Duckers, gave a talk on "Southern Womanhood." Resolutions of respect to the memory of Mrs. Hayes were passed; also a resolution of thanks to Colonel Young for the active part he had taken in making possible the purchase of the birthplace of President Davis.

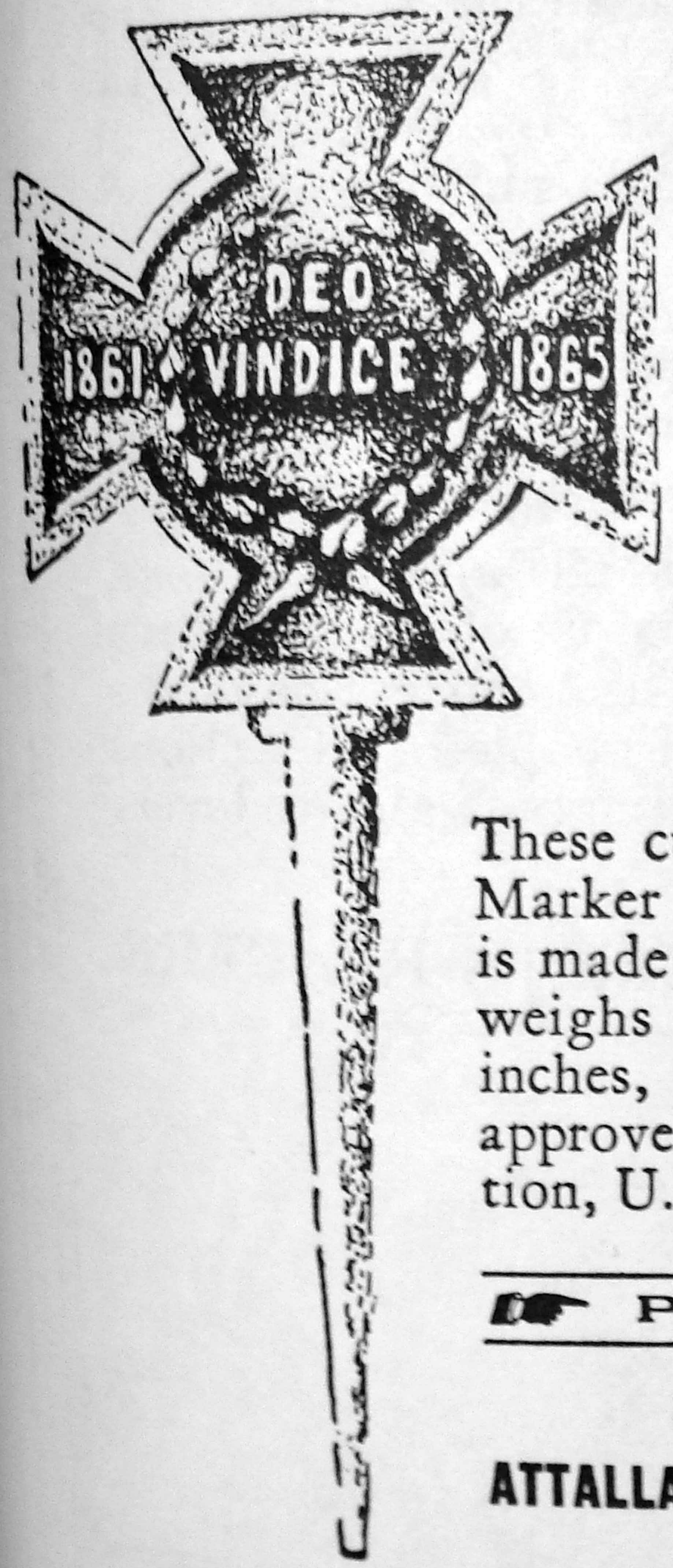
Honors for Heroes Who Wore the Gray.—The War Department, U. S. A., has just closed a contract with a prominent firm of Boston for a shaft of granite eighty-three feet high to be erected to the brave soldiers wearing the gray who died in the prison at Fort Delaware. The shaft will be placed in the National Cemetery at Twins Point, on the Delaware River.

Who operated the sword and musket factory at Tilton, Ga., during the War between the States, and what were those arms like? What kind of revolvers were made in Richmond, Va., by Robinson & Dexter? Who operated the pistol factory at Griswoldville, Ga., and what kind of weapon was fabricated? Who operated the carbine factory at Huntersville, Pocahontas County, Va.? Who operated the carbine factory at Danville, Va., and what kind of arm was fabricated? Anyone having a file of Confederate newspapers will please address E. Berkley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

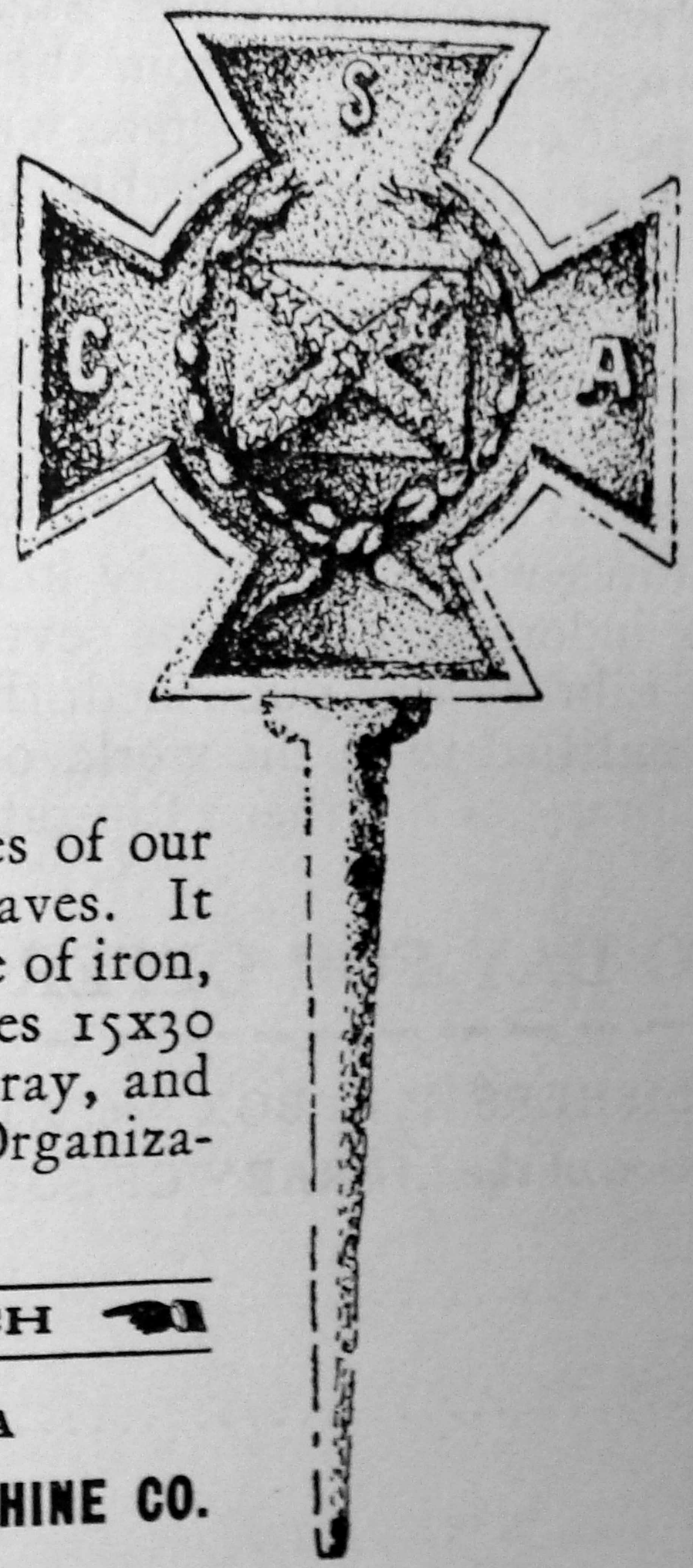
His Little Humor.—Some visitors to the prison had as an escort one of the inmates, who aroused their interest. "Excuse me," said one of them to the convict, "are you in for life?" "Me? No," was the answer, "just ninety-nine years."

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS





"Lest We Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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PROPER CARE OF HUSBANDS.

"So you let your husband carry a latchkey?"

"O, just to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends to let them see how independent he is—but it don't fit the door!"—*Canadian American.*

"My word, I'm badly overworked."
"What are you doing?"
"Oh, this and that."
"When?"
"Now and then."
"Where?"

Mrs. Cora Baker Vandevender, 701 Drayton Street, Morgantown, W. Va., would like to have all the information possible on the war record of John Baker. He was born in Ireland, and enlisted in the Southern army at Huntersville, Va., now West Virginia, serving under command of Capt. J. W. Marshall in the cavalry.

NEGRO VILLAGE.—Mound Bayou, in Mississippi, is an "all-negro" village,

tinguished in the Mexican War as an officer of artillery, and in our war was given command at Norfolk. Now he was bringing three brigades and his field artillery to help Johnston at Richmond. When he started from his camp on the south "Charles City Road" at daylight, according to orders, to round the head of White Oak swamp, he encountered the headwaters of White Oak overflowing from the awful rain Mr. Easley describes. He had to cross these streams much nearer Richmond than by his direct road, or leave his guns. Longstreet was to have been marching by another road than the Williamsburg road—the Nine Mile road to the north—but had crossed over to the Williamsburg road and stopped to build a bridge over Gillis Creek that flowed across the Williamsburg road. There Huger was coming into that road, somewhere, in order to take it (according to orders) to the "given point" where Hill waited for him. Armistead's brigade may have struck the road below Longstreet's little bridge, so that Mr. Easley, who describes the overflow, may be entirely correct in not remembering the bridge, but other brigades may have hit above it. At any rate, Longstreet built a bridge.

Longstreet was as late as Huger, or later, for Alexander says that after halting Huger to pass him, Longstreet found Huger had to reach the "given point" in order for Hill to proceed to the attack. Had Huger alone had the road allotted to him, he would have joined Hill much sooner. Had Longstreet marched by the Nine Mile road, as contemplated by Johnston, and *ordered* by him, according to G. W. Smith, he would have been in the expected position on the enemy's right flank instead of coming in behind Hill. Huger never got into the fighting at all, and Longstreet only put in Anderson's Brigade of his own division until, very late, he sent Kemper in also.

Mr. Easley is surely wrong in criticizing Huger for not seizing *Malvern Hill* a month later. It was Holmes who was to have tried to do that. Jackson, Huger, and Magruder all came to Malvern Hill the day after Holmes's failure to accomplish the impossible, in view of McClellan's guns—and the fleet being ahead of him. Longstreet and A. P. Hill followed, and the task of the first attack fell on Huger's troops, Armistead opening the fight most gallantly. However, Huger had experienced another disappointment, General Lee had assigned him the task of leaving the entrenchments of Richmond on June 30 and moving by the Charles City road to the Long Bridge road, where he was going to attack McClellan at Frazier's farm. This road, however, was *the main road* of McClellan's retreat from the front of Richmond, and his huge pioneer force cut trees in front of Huger faster than our men could remove them. To make matters worse, he was appealed to for help to get Jackson across White Oak. He did not get into the Frazier's farm battle at all, where he was much needed.

A. P. Hill, Jackson, Huger, Holmes, and Magruder all failed to accomplish the tasks assigned in the Seven Days battles, and the three old men—Huger, Holmes, and Magruder, were made to suffer—assigned to other fields.

Of Huger's Division, all those three brigades—Armistead's, Mahone's, and Blanchard's (afterwards Wright's)—became justly celebrated. Always a most reliable part of Lee's invincible army, each of them on some one occasion stood out conspicuously in some particular deed of grandeur—Armistead and Wright at Gettysburg, and Mahone in the charge at the Crater.

THE BATTLE OF DROOP MOUNTAIN.

BY ROY B. COOK, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Near the Virginia border, on the West Virginia side, runs the beautiful Greenbrier River. For over a hundred miles it hugs the base of the main Alleghany Mountains on its way to join the New River. In one of the "sinks" in the lower valley is located the historic town of Lewisburg, county seat of Greenbrier County, an important point on the nationally known Midland Trail that reaches out from old Virginia on the east to Ohio and Kentucky on the west. This also marks the junction point of another well-known highway, the Seneca Trail, a highway running north and south. Leaving Lewisburg at an altitude of 2,300 feet, it runs northward, gradually rising to the top of a mountain twenty-four miles away at 3,100 feet, and then glides down and across the Little Levels into Marlinton, the county seat of Pocahontas County, fourteen miles the other side. This mountain is now and has for many years been known as Droop Mountain. Its history is enshrouded in many interesting phases from the time that an ancient lake bathed its brow down to the stirring days of the "Civil War," as West Virginians call that fratricidal strife.

The battle of Droop Mountain was fought on November 6, 1863, by Federal forces led by Gen. William W. Averell and Confederate forces under Gen. John Echols and Col. (later general) William L. Jackson. It marked the waning of the Confederacy in West Virginia regions. Then, after the close of the war, the scene of conflict was occupied in peace by men who wore the blue and the gray.

In January, 1927, the legislature of West Virginia was in session. Among the members were some who saw service in the affairs of sixty-four years before. One member, John D. Sutton, had participated in the battle of Droop Mountain. A resolution was adopted reciting the fact that "West Virginia soldiers, both Union and Confederate," had taken part in this battle, and directed that a commission be appointed to mark battle lines, preserve records, and acquire land on the battle field to be set aside as a State Park, as a memorial to the brave men who participated therein.

The result of the labor of the commission appointed under this authority was that on July 4, 1928, Hon. Howard M. Gore, governor of West Virginia, formally accepted one hundred and forty-one acres as a part of the State Park system. A notable gathering was present, and among the assemblage mingled Federal and Confederate.

The mention of "both Union and Confederate" in the enabling act of the West Virginia legislature is something that the "deep South" cannot clearly understand. In the Virginias it is common property and has been discussed for years. It is not possible in the narrow confines of an article of this nature to dwell on all the reasons which culminated in the formation of a new State and led to such a situation as existed at Droop Mountain, McDowell, second Manassas, and many other fields where the brave met the brave.

The division of Virginia in 1863 and the erection of West Virginia has no parallel in history. The roots of this episode ran back into long years "before the war." The question of slavery was of minor importance. Indeed, in all, forty-seven counties out of present West Virginia only had an average of two slaves to the square mile. But differences over commerce and education, the origin and habits of citizens, and Virginia's policy of internal improvements had caused to arise years before various schemes for division. At each constitutional convention able men from west of the mountains plead for a "fair deal." One governor alone had come from their number.

Nothing that could be written, however, no matter how fair the historian, would exactly suit the proponents of either side. One distinguished historian recounted that Virginia felt a right to secession, but objected to secession from secession. Be that as it may, when time tore States asunder, about thirty thousand men from the hills of West Virginia took up arms for the Union, and approximately seventy-five hundred, equally as brave, shouldered their muskets and marched to the South. It is our own chapter of national history. The uncles and brothers from the same families who took opposite sides were our people, and we may well be permitted to be a bit proud of both.

Even Margaret Junkin Preston, sister-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, a boy from the West Virginia hills, recounted that the most gentlemanly Yankees she met were from West Virginia, a statement we hold to be true, even though few actual "Yankees" carried arms from this "side of the mountains." The result was that out of this background strange things came to pass; men from "Old Virginia" met in conventions and founded a new State in 1863. Wise, Floyd, Jenkins, Imboden, Jones, and Witcher led military expeditions into West Virginia, with many minor excursions, cutting through Federal lines, and yet in the fall of 1863 occupied only the Greenbrier Valley, while their Federal neighbors watched over the headwater regions with envious eyes.

In October, 1863, Gen. B. F. Kelley, commanding the Department of West Virginia, U. S. A., looked over his maps and decided that seventy miles of straggling Confederates along the Greenbrier did not look well. He issued orders to Averell, at Beverly, and General Scammon, at Charleston, to start out two expeditions, effect a junction at Lewisburg, and drive the Confederates out, or, better still, capture them.

Scammon sent an expedition under Gen. A. N. Duffie to march one hundred and ten miles to Lewisburg. At the same time (November 1), Averell moved out of Beverly with his command, consisting of the 28th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Col. A. Moor; 10th West Virginia Infantry, Col. T. M. Harris; 2nd West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Lieut. Col. A. Scott; 3rd West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Lieut. Col. F. W. Thompson; 8th West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Col. J. H. Oley; 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Col. J. N. Schoonmaker; Gibson's Battalion and Batteries B and G, 1st West Virginia, Light Artillery, Capt. J. V. Keeper and C. T. Ewing.

Jackson's command at this time was scattered along the Greenbrier, a company at Glade Hill in upper Pocahontas County; 20th Virginia Cavalry, Col. W. W. Arnett, at the site of Marlinton; and Jackson, with the main part of the 19th Virginia Cavalry and Lurty's Battery, was at Mill Point. Col. W. P. Thompson, with a detachment of the 19th, was absent on the road leading over Cold Knob into the Gauley River regions. Gen. John Echols, with the main body of troops, was at Lewisburg.

By Thursday, the 5th, Jackson had concentrated his forces at Mill Point, and had sent word to Echols, who prepared to move to his relief from Lewisburg. Jackson made a stand at Mill Point, forming along Stamping Creek for a mile or more with Lurty's Battery on the hill south of Mill Point. Here a skirmish of some note took place, and Jackson soon fell back to the summit of Droop Mountain, followed by Colonel Thompson and his detachment, aided by Lurty's Battery. That night, with about seven hundred and fifty men, the Confederates looked down on the camp fires of the Federals in the "levels" below.

On Friday, the 6th, about 9 A.M. the command under Echols arrived on the mountain, having made twenty-eight miles from Lewisburg in twenty-four hours. Echols, as senior officer, assumed general command and placed the First Brigade under command of Col. G. S. Patton, including the 22nd Virginia, Maj. R. A. Bailey; 23rd Virginia Battalion, Maj. William Blessing; 20th Virginia Cavalry, Col. W. W. Arnett; 16th Virginia [Jenkin's] Cavalry, Col. Milton J. Ferguson; and the batteries of Chapman and Jackson; Derrick's Battalion; Edgar's Battalion; and the 14th Virginia Cavalry, Col. J. M. Cochrane.

Averell at once threw out a skirmish line and cleared the way to the foot of the mountain on the Federal side. Shortly after nine o'clock the 10th West Virginia Infantry (largely composed of men who were neighbors of the men in the 19th Virginia Cavalry); one company of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry; and two pieces of Ewing's Battery and 28th Ohio Infantry, under Col. A. Moor, were sent around on a back road about six miles. Here they formed and advanced up the mountain side to attack the Confederate left. This detachment embraced 1,175 men, and was opposed by the 22nd Virginia, 23rd Virginia Battalion, Derrick's Battalion, Kessler's Battalion, and one hundred and twenty-five dismounted cavalry under Capt. J. W. Marshall. The mountain is divided into an almost straight line by a ridge, and into the dense brush and forest first went Marshall's men in a vain attempt to stem the oncoming Federals. Then followed Colonel Thompson and more of the same regiment. The 23rd Battalion entered the woods to support Thompson's left. The 14th Virginia Cavalry soon followed, supported in turn by a detachment of the 22nd Virginia Infantry under the gallant Capt. John K. Thompson, who actually held the line for a short time. But the woods were so thick that no troop movements could be guided, and the Federals drove the Confederate forces back into a cleared section, where, in a space of one acre, thirteen were killed and forty-seven wounded.

About 1:45 P.M., Averell decided, from the disturbance at the Confederate front, that Moor had flanked the left. The 2nd, 3rd, and 8th West Virginia, dismounted, were moved in line obliquely to the right up the face of the mountain until their right joined Moor's left. The fire of Ewing's Battery was added to that of Keeper's and the 19th Virginia Cavalry, and the 22nd and 23rd Virginia Battalions were driven back on the remaining Confederate forces. Arnett and Cochrane, at the center, gallantly defended their positions, but when it was seen that the left had been turned, the whole force fell back under a severe shelling and enfilading fire. In the meantime, a courier had arrived reporting that Duffie, with two regiments and a battery, had arrived at Big Sewell *en route* from Charleston to Lewisburg. Echols and Jackson then ordered a retreat in an effort to get to Lewisburg and gain the James and Kanawha River Pike first. By four o'clock, the road from Droop Mountain to Lewisburg was choked with marching men, cavalry, artillery, and wagon trains.

While twelve Confederate units, regiments, and battalions were opposed to nine Federal units, regiments, and battalions, the number of men engaged were almost even. The Federal loss was 119 and the Confederate lost 275 in killed, wounded, and missing. Among the Confederate dead was Maj. R. A. Bailey, a brave officer of the 22nd Infantry.

Averell was slow to follow up his gain and the Confederate troops escaped by a narrow margin. Echols and Jackson passed through Lewisburg seven hours before the Federal reënforcements from Charleston arrived. On the 7th, the two Federal wings were united at that place, but the Confederates had long before passed over the divide and down into "old" Virginia.

With the exception of a short expedition now and then, this marked the last stand of the Confederacy west of the main Alleghenies, and it was the turning point of the war in West Virginia.

And so, gentle reader, comes to a close an epitome of the battle of Droop Mountain, "a battle in the clouds." Space does not permit a discussion of the human interest stories emerging from this conflict or the careers of the many able men who participated. Of how the young wife of a Confederate officer spent the night searching among the wounded in the Federal hospitals for her husband, who lived to fight many more battles in war and politics. Or the story of Frank Dye, of Wood County, W. Va., who marched up the mountain on the right with the Federals, while his brother, Harrison Dye, with the gallant 22nd Virginia, repulsed Federal onslaughts on the Confederate left.

Two years later found the survivors, mostly West Virginians, back at the old home. By 1872, all citizenship restrictions had been removed and the former wearers of the gray mingled with the men in blue in occupying important places in the councils of the State. And in the writer's generation, the men of that time, with hair turning silvery gray, gathered in groups and passed much good natured "chaff." They recalled "swapping the Wheeling sheet (*Intelligencer*) for tobacco," and when "John carried a letter for me back to my folks in Jackson county," while another put in, "Averell? Yes, I saw him. Why, when he led his men through Romney, my aunt went to him and he put guards around the house to keep stragglers from bothering my folks—and us in the Southern army." Such, was the spirit of the men of the two Virginias, and it was in a large measure the spirit of American soldiers.

So, if travels lead into West Virginia, visit Droop Mountain Park. One may yet see traces of crude embankments, the house used as a hospital in which Major Bailey died, and the spot where he bravely attempted to rally his Virginians. A wonderful view down Locust Creek is to be seen, and far below to the northeast spreads the Little Levels of Pocahontas County, with the village of Hillsboro in the distance. Here may be seen the old Beard home used as a hospital by the Federals, and near it Averell's headquarters. In the summer and early fall, the mountain is often bathed in one of the famous "cloud seas" of the Alleghenies, and those who love the mountains, a sight of flowing rivers, and a bit of the plains, may travel far and wide and not find a more lovely spot.

MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

(Continued from August number)

Upon retiring to the north side of Bayou Pierre, the Confederates threw up fortifications to shield them from Federal skirmishers, who were promptly advanced to feel out Bowen's new position. The 6th Missouri left its quarters early enough to take position in line before daylight.

All day during May 2 the two armies confronted each other, with only a narrow stream separating. During the night, however, the Confederates began a withdrawal, which was conducted with such quiet that all were out and well on the road to Edwards Station before daylight. By night the last unit had reached safety across Big Black River. Another day's march brought them to Bovina, a station on the railroad from Jackson to Vicksburg.

From May 4 to 15, Bowen's Division camped near Edwards Station, making one or two excursions to guard against surprise movements of the wily Grant. On the 15th, having been joined by the divisions of Stevenson and Loring, it crossed Baker's Creek and went into camp along the Edwards Station and Raymond Road. In Bowen's front was a cross-road connecting the road to Raymond with the Edwards and Clinton road, near the base of Champion's Hill.

While at breakfast next morning, we noted Stevenson's men marching at quick step along this road toward Champion's. For several days there had been want of agreement between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who had lately been appointed to chief command in the cis-Mississippi Department, and General Pemberton, commanding at Vicksburg.

Johnston wanted Pemberton to join forces with him at Clinton to attack Grant in front. Pemberton wanted to move south and cut Grant's communications with his supposed base at Bruinsburg, and Pemberton's present movement was with this purpose in view.

Very early in the morning of the 16th, however, he received peremptory orders to move at once toward Clinton, and Stevenson's early start was in pursuance of these orders.

Grant, keeping well informed of this situation of affairs, had already taken steps to take advantage of it. Already McPherson and Hovey were between Bolton and Clinton, Osterhaus and Carr to their left between Bolton and the Edwards and Raymond roads, and Smith and Blair on this road scarcely three miles away.

Studying a map of the position of the Union and Confederate armies this bright May morning, one is struck with the similarity of positions held by the German and Austrian armies at Sadowa, or Koenigratz, seven years later, when Field Marshal von Moltke, with an inferior force, completely overwhelmed the Austrians under Benedic. Here we have the greatest captain of Europe following the strategy of an American soldier who preferred cigars to gold lace. And yet Europe thought America had no military genius.

It is believable that when Pemberton, in obedience to Johnston's orders, started Stevenson toward Clinton, intending to have Bowen and Loring follow, he did not know that Grant's three corps were less than five miles away and Sherman already on the road near Bolton.

It was only when picket firing was heard down the Raymond road that he was put on his guard. Stevenson also heard the alarm and, notified by his flankers that Federal forces were advancing along the Clinton and Edward Station road, made haste to seize Champion's Hill and prepare for an attack.

Bowen formed in line on a broad ridge, his right resting on the Raymond road, his left in the air, with an interval of some three thousand yards separating him from Stevenson's right

The 6th Missouri, formed left in front, was the last unit in Bowen's left. Stevenson's right was covered by a battery near Champion's house. A Federal battery down the Raymond road opened fire on Bowen's left and center, but overshot it and did no execution.

Presently we were startled by an outburst of rifle fire away to our left that was both rapid and furious, and we knew that Stevenson was engaged. From our position we could see his flags as they would be carried forward, then borne back as the Union colors were advanced.

Thus the battle raged for an hour, when Stevenson's line seemed to waver along its whole length. Watching this with increasing desire to be sent to Stevenson's relief, we observed a courier dashing toward Bowen's Leadquarters. Then as

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BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH

she became ill, a few months ago, she was an active worker in the organization. She is survived by a son and daughter, both of Spokane.

J. C. Price.

J. C. Price died very suddenly on September 20, 1915. Death was due to heart failure. He was born October 16, 1840, at Marlin's Bottom, the present site of the town of Marlinton, W. Va. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and served throughout the war. He was wounded once when home on a furlough while trying to escape capture by swimming Greenbrier River. After the war he engaged in farming and cattle-raising and made a comfortable fortune. He was twice married, his second wife, with two sons and one daughter, surviving him. Mr. Price had a fine memory and a good gift in conversation. He knew much of the early history of Powhatan County, which he liked to tell along with his war reminiscences.

general) William L. Jackson. It marked the waning of the Confederacy in West Virginia regions. Then, after the close of the war, the scene of conflict was occupied in peace by men who wore the blue and the gray.

In January, 1927, the legislature of West Virginia was in session. Among the members were some who saw service in the affairs of sixty-four years before. One member, John D. Sutton, had participated in the battle of Droop Mountain. A resolution was adopted reciting the fact that "West Virginia soldiers, both Union and Confederate," had taken part in this battle, and directed that a commission be appointed to mark battle lines, preserve records, and acquire land on the battle field to be set aside as a State Park, as a memorial to the brave men who participated therein.

The result of the labor of the commission appointed under this authority was that on July 4, 1928, Hon. Howard M. Gore, governor of West Virginia, formally accepted one hundred and forty-one acres as a part of the State Park system. A notable gathering was present, and among the assemblage mingled Federal and Confederate.

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the "deep South" cannot clearly understand. In the Virginias it is common property and has been discussed for years. It is not possible in the narrow confines of an article of this nature to dwell on all the reasons which culminated in the formation of a new State and led to such a situation as existed at Droop Mountain, McDowell, second Manassas, and many other fields where the brave met the brave.

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Nothing that could be written, however, no matter how fair the historian, would exactly suit the proponents of either side. One distinguished historian recounted that Virginia felt a right to secession, but objected to secession from secession. Be that as it may, when time tore States asunder, about thirty thousand men from the hills of West Virginia took up arms for the Union, and approximately seventy-five hundred, equally as brave, shouldered their muskets and marched to the South. It is our own chapter of national history. The uncles and brothers from the same families who took opposite sides were our people, and we may well be permitted to be a bit proud of both.

Even Margaret Junkin Preston, sister-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, a boy from the West Virginia hills, recounted that the most gentlemanly Yankees she met were from West Virginia, a statement we hold to be true, even though few actual "Yankees" carried arms from this "side of the mountains." The result was that out of this background strange things

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In October, 1863, Gen. B. F. Kelley, commanding the Department of West Virginia, U. S. A., looked over his maps and decided that seventy miles of straggling Confederates along the Greenbrier did not look well. He issued orders to Averell, at Beverly, and General Scammon, at Charleston, to start out two expeditions, effect a junction at Lewisburg, and drive the Confederates out, or, better still, capture them.

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Scammon sent an expedition under Gen. A. N. Duffie to march one hundred and ten miles to Lewisburg. At the same time (November 1), Averell moved out of Beverly with his command, consisting of the 28th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Col. A. Moor; 10th West Virginia Infantry, Col. T. M. Harris; 2nd West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Lieut. Col. A. Scott; 3rd West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Lieut. Col. F. W. Thompson; 8th West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Col. J. H. Oley; 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Col. J. N. Schoonmaker; Gibson's Battalion and Batteries B and G, 1st West Virginia, Light Artillery, Capt. J. V. Keeper and C. T. Ewing.

Jackson's command at this time was scattered along the

site of Marlinton; and Jackson, with the main part of the 19th Virginia Cavalry and Lurty's Battery, was at Mill Point. Col. W. P. Thompson, with a detachment of the 19th, was absent on the road leading over Cold Knob into the Gauley River regions. Gen. John Echols, with the main body of troops, was at Lewisburg.

By Thursday, the 5th, Jackson had concentrated his forces at Mill Point, and had sent word to Echols, who prepared to move to his relief from Lewisburg. Jackson made a stand at Mill Point, forming along Stamping Creek for a mile or more with Lurty's Battery on the hill south of Mill Point. Here a skirmish of some note took place, and Jackson soon fell back to the summit of Droop Mountain, followed by Colonel Thompson and his detachment, aided by Lurty's Battery. That night, with about seven hundred and fifty men, the Confederates looked down on the camp fires of the Federals in the "levels" below.

On Friday, the 6th, about 9 A.M. the command under Echols arrived on the mountain, having made twenty-eight miles

from Lewisburg in twenty-four hours. Echols, as senior officer, assumed general command and placed the First Brigade under command of Col. G. S. Patton, including the 22nd Virginia, Maj. R. A. Bailey; 23rd Virginia Battalion, Maj. William Blessing; 20th Virginia Cavalry, Col. W. W. Arnett; 16th Virginia [Jenkin's] Cavalry, Col. Milton J. Ferguson; and the batteries of Chapman and Jackson; Derrick's Battalion; Edgar's Battalion; and the 14th Virginia Cavalry, Col. J. M. Cochrane.

Averell at once threw out a skirmish line and cleared the way to the foot of the mountain on the Federal side. Shortly after nine o'clock the 10th West Virginia Infantry (largely composed of men who were neighbors of the men in the 19th Virginia Cavalry); one company of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry; and two pieces of Ewing's Battery and 28th Ohio Infantry, under Col. A. Moor, were sent around on a back road about six miles. Here they formed and advanced up the mountain side to attack the Confederate left. This detachment embraced 1,175 men, and was opposed by the 22nd Virginia, 23rd Virginia Battalion, Derrick's Battalion, Kessler's Battalion, and one hundred and twenty-five dismounted cavalry under Capt. J. W. Marshall. The mountain is divided

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About 1:45 P.M., Averell decided, from the disturbance at the Confederate front, that Moor had flanked the left. The 2nd, 3rd, and 8th West Virginia, dismounted, were moved in line obliquely to the right up the face of the mountain until their right joined Moor's left. The fire of Ewing's Battery

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While twelve Confederate units, regiments, and battalions were opposed to nine Federal units, regiments, and battalions, the number of men engaged were almost even. The Federal loss was 119 and the Confederate lost 275 in killed, wounded, and missing. Among the Confederate dead was Maj. R. A. Bailey, a brave officer of the 22nd Infantry.

Averell was slow to follow up his gain and the Confederate troops escaped by a narrow margin. Echols and Jackson passed through Lewisburg seven hours before the Federal reënforcements from Charleston arrived. On the 7th, the two Federal wings were united at that place, but the Confederates had long before passed over the divide and down into "old" Virginia.

With the exception of a short expedition now and then, this marked the last stand of the Confederacy west of the main Alleghenies, and it was the turning point of the war in West Virginia.

And so, gentle reader, comes to a close an epitome of the battle of Droop Mountain, "a battle in the clouds." Space does not permit a discussion of the human interest stories emerging from this conflict or the careers of the many able men who participated. Of how the young wife of a Confederate officer spent the night searching among the wounded in the Federal hospitals for her husband, who lived to fight many more battles in war and politics. Or the story of Frank Dye, of Wood County, W. Va., who marched up the mountain on the right with the Federals, while his brother, Harrison Dye, with the gallant 22nd Virginia, repulsed Federal onslaughts on the Confederate left.

Two years later found the survivors, mostly West Virginians, back at the old home. By 1872, all citizenship restrictions had been removed and the former wearers of the gray mingled with the men in blue in occupying important places in the councils of the State. And in the writer's gen-

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Two years later found the survivors, mostly West Virginians, back at the old home. By 1872, all citizenship restrictions had been removed and the former wearers of the gray mingled with the men in blue in occupying important places in the councils of the State. And in the writer's generation, the men of that time, with hair turning silvery gray, gathered in groups and passed much good natured "chaff." They recalled "swapping the Wheeling sheet (*Intelligencer*) for tobacco," and when "John carried a letter for me back to my folks in Jackson county," while another put in, "Averell? Yes, I saw him. Why, when he led his men through Romney, my aunt went to him and he put guards around the house to keep stragglers from bothering my folks—and us in the Southern army." Such, was the spirit of the men of the two Virginias, and it was in a large measure the spirit of American soldiers.

So, if travels lead into West Virginia, visit Droop Mountain Park. One may yet see traces of crude embankments, the house used as a hospital in which Major Bailey died, and the spot where he bravely attempted to rally his Virginians. A wonderful view down Locust Creek is to be seen, and far below to the northeast spreads the Little Levels of Pocahontas County, with the village of Hillsboro in the distance.

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MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH

occasion. I think that any man who went through the war with Hood's Texans (certainly one of the finest fighting units of our army) has gathered for himself enough glory to last the rest of his days; and, therefore, I trust that the brave captain will pardon me for my interest in my native State.

THE STORY OF A FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

BY CAPT. RICHARD BEARD, IN NASHVILLE BANNER.

Col. James M. King for many years was a wealthy and highly respected citizen of Rutherford County, Tenn. When a young man, during the War of 1812, he enlisted as a soldier in General Jackson's army and was in General Coffee's brigade on the flank of the army in the battle of New Orleans, which received the first fierce onset of the British troops. When young King started to the war, his father gave him a five-dollar gold piece, which he brought home on the conclusion of peace between England and this country. On the eve of his marriage to a young girl of Rutherford County he gave her the coin, and she kept it sacredly from 1815 to the breaking out of the war in 1861.

Colonel King's five sons enlisted in the Confederate army and were with it to the end, in 1865. Three of these boys, T. M. King, Charlie King, and J. M. King, Jr., enlisted in Company I, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and were familiarly known as the "King boys," and no braver or better soldiers ever went into a battle. In May, 1861, the 1st Tennessee went into a camp of instruction at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, and there Tom King was granted a furlough to go home. When he was about to return to his regiment, his mother gave him with her blessing the gold piece that she had kept so sacredly for forty-six years, knowing that there would be dark days ahead of him when he might need it sorely.

About the middle of July, 1861, this regiment, with the 7th and 14th Tennessee, was ordered to Virginia. I belonged at that time to the 17th Tennessee. We were ordered to Manassas; but owing to some delays on the way, especially at Knoxville and at Haynes Station (now Johnson City), we failed to get there in time for the battle. We passed through Bristol, on the Virginia and Tennessee line, the day after that great event; then on to Lynchburg, where we saw a number of wounded brought from the field; then on to Charlottesville, where we found the dormitories of the Virginia University filled with wounded, most of them young men and boys, the very flower of young Southern manhood; then on to Staunton, one of the most beautiful and aristocratic little cities of the State; then to Millboro Station, the terminus of what is now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. There we disembarked and entered on General Lee's campaign in Northwest Virginia, a campaign that tested the mettle of the untried volunteers who were engaged in it; but, on account of the mountainous character of the country, it was unfruitful of any beneficial results to the South.

From Millboro Station we crossed the mountain and made our first night's encampment at Warm Springs, a beautiful and celebrated watering place, now in West Virginia. During the day Charles King became ill, and his brother Tom went to the home of Mrs. J. T. Lockridge, in the village, and asked if his brother could spend the night in her house. "Yes," said she. "Bring him here, and I will take care of him and as many more of your comrades as I can accommodate."

Mrs. Lockridge had two beautiful little daughters about six and eight years of age; and as these were the first Southern soldiers they had seen, the girls enjoyed their coming and became especially fond of Tom King, who was a pleasant and genial young soldier. As the brigade was about to start the next morning on its march through the mountains, Tom King went to Mrs. Lockridge to compensate her for entertaining himself and his friends; but she refused to take anything, saying: "My husband is a member of the Virginia Legislature, an ardent Southern man. I am in full sympathy with him, and I can never think of charging a Southern soldier for anything that I can do for him." But Tom was not satisfied and sent her a note, inclosing the sacred five-dollar gold piece and asking her to give it to her youngest daughter as a token of his remembrance of her kindness.

We then took up our march through the mountains, and after passing Huntersville and crossing the Greenbrier River we came into a perfect wilderness, where for many months we did not see the face of a woman. We became hungry for the sight of one. I remember that the brigade was ordered to a place called Mingo Flats, the 1st Tennessee in front and the 7th and 14th following, and in going down the hillside we saw a log cabin on the roadside in the valley below. As we passed, a wooden blind was thrown open, and a comely Virginia lass, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows (she was evidently just from the washtub), looked out on the passing show. At the very sight of her the 1st Tennessee started a yell that was taken up by the 7th and 14th, and it echoed and reëchoed through those mountains. The Rebel yell on the battle field was not a circumstance to the one we gave that day. The girl was evidently highly gratified by the demonstration made in her honor.

After this campaign was over we were transferred to the Valley under Stonewall Jackson and made with him that fearful winter campaign, through the snow and ice of the mountains, to Bath and Romney, starting out on it January 1, 1862. Shortly after this the 1st Tennessee was transferred from Virginia to the army under Albert Sidney Johnston and made its record in all the battles in the West, from Shiloh to Bentonville. With the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., Tom King and his two brothers received their paroles, went home, and took up the thread of life where it had been broken off four years before. Tom King still lives at a ripe old age, highly respected and esteemed. In 1886 he was elected Circuit Court Clerk of Rutherford County and served for two terms.

He had ceased to think of the gold piece that he had left with the little girl in Virginia; but Mrs. Lockridge never considered that she or her daughter owned it, and she determined to return it to him if she could ever find him. In July, 1896, the city recorder of Murfreesboro received a note from her making inquiry for Tom King or his nearest relatives, and upon receipt of his reply she wrote the following letter:

"DRISCOLL, W. VA., August 17, 1896.

"*Capt. T. M. King:* For over thirty years I have endeavored in many ways to gain the information so courteously given me a few days ago by your city clerk. My daughter once wrote to your county clerk, but received no reply. The resolve to make one more effort was strengthened a few weeks ago while my daughter and I were looking over some mementoes of the past, among which was your note, which I had preserved, giving the name of the regiment and company to which you then belonged. Thus was the idea suggested which has met with gratifying success. The almost historical coin is still in my daughter's possession. In the lapse of years

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and connecting associations it has become almost as much an heirloom in our family as it must be in yours. When, after you left on that morning in May, 1861, I opened your note containing thanks for overestimated deeds, which I was ever ready to offer to brave soldiers, these words, 'Given me by my mother when I left for the war,' found a responsive echo in my own heart, and I could almost imagine I heard her voice asking me to guard this parting gift, the last offering of a mother's love, as she in true Spartan spirit yielded her loving treasures to her country's call. Then I determined to cherish the relic and when the horrors of war were over to restore it, if possible, to the original owner. Remembering that it was given in trust for my youngest daughter, I knew I had no right to appropriate it without her consent; but when in childish innocence she often wished to spend it, I gave her its face value in greenback to spend as she wished, intending, if I failed in finding the original owner, to give it back to her when she could better appreciate its value. My efforts being futile in the former case, I presented it to her on the day of her marrage, September 4, 1884, to L. H. Herold, but added the request that she would never part with it unless the sternest necessity demanded it. And although misfortunes have overtaken her, as well as me, since the death of my husband, she has never yielded to the temptation of parting with it, ever sharing with me the feeling that there may be those living who have a prior claim to it. And now that we have succeeded in our efforts to find them, my daughter only awaits your address and direction how to send it, by mail or express.

"Very truly your friend, MRS. J. T. LOCKRIDGE."

Thus was Tom King found at last and the coin returned to him. He has given it to his son, J. Moore King, who prizes it above any other property that he is blessed with, and it will be kept in the family as long as there is a descendant of T. M. King.

AN OLD CONFEDERATE'S STORY OF IRISH WIT.

BY ANNIE LAURIE SHARKEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Tommy Logan was a typical son of the Emerald Isle who entered the Confederate army at the first call for troops from Mississippi. He joined the company to which I belonged, which was formed of young planters, all or nearly all the sons of wealthy planters of Hinds and Madison Counties. Tommy was older than any of the other privates and had traveled over nearly all the States as a common laborer, mostly with his shovel or hod. Never was Tommy wanting in a reply to any question asked; he needed no time to "frame" his answer. The only besetting sin of this true man and soldier was his love for the jug. No kinder man ever lived. He was liberal to a fault and had impoverished himself that others might not suffer.

When General Lee's army was encamped around Fredericksburg, Va., with the Federal army waiting to attack as soon as they could cross the river, General Magruder, a splendid officer and brave commander, issued an order that no intoxicants should be sold within the Confederate line nor sold or given away to any Confederate soldier. General Magruder was himself a hard drinker, and this, and this alone, kept him down to the rank of major general. A few days after this order Tommy was detailed as a guard at General Magruder's headquarters and was on duty near the General's tent when a conversation arose between the officers as to why the pay of the Confederate army was fixed at odd numbers, a private receiving $11 per month, a sergeant $17, a lieutenant $91, a captain $121, and a general $301. They could arrive at no conclusion to the controversy. One of the aids to the General who knew Tommy said: "General Magruder, old Tommy Logan, the guard out there, may answer your question. He has a ready answer to any question asked him."

So another soldier was sent to take Tommy's place, and Tommy was ordered to headquarters more as a joke than for information. When Tommy came up, it was plainly seen that he had been drinking, and he thought that was why he was ordered to headquarters. General Magruder said: "Sir, I see you have been drinking. Will you tell where you got the whisky?" "O, Gineral, I'm afraid you will put me in the guardhouse, and I think the damn Yankees are thinking of taking Fredericksburg, and I would hate to tell some of my good friends in town I did not fire a shot in their defense." "No," said the General, "I will not punish you if you will tell where you got your whisky." "Ah, Gineral, that sounds so kind of you to say that that it matters not where I got the whisky; so I will tell you the God's truth where I got the liquor." "Yes, if you will tell me truthfully where you got the whisky, I shall see that no punishment is given you. Now tell me, where did you get the whisky?" "Well, Gineral, I took a stroll around the hills beyant the clump of bushes, and I saw some horses hitched, with no attendant looking after them. When I was with a racer in Kentucky some years ago I learned to love horses, and one of these animals was a beautiful bay. Ah! he was of royal blood, I bet. I went up to him and rubbed his head and neck. He seemed to know I was his admiring friend. On going around him I discovered a canteen hung to the saddle, and, the divil take my curiosity, I smelt of the canteen and found about three drinks of good whisky. My curiosity to taste was up, and I took a small drink. Ah! bad luck to whisky. It made me want more, and I drank the entire contents of that canteen, not more than three fingers, though, you see."

Here the General put in: "Well, you are telling a long-winded story, and the one who owned the whisky or horse you have not divulged, and you seem to want to hide. Out with the truth. Whose horse was the canteen on?"

"Ah! my kind Gineral, I do not know the owner; but I have for the last six months seen you ridin' that noble animal."

When this came out the entire office force began to laugh, and one said: "General, Tommy is too much for you." "But," said the General, "he has not only got off for being drunk, but has gotten drunk on my whisky."

As Tommy started to leave, the General (who enjoyed the joke on himself) said: "Tommy, I sent for you not knowing you had been drinking; but some one said you could explain why soldiers' pay was put at such odd numbers. Now, you get $11 per month, and I get $301 per month. How do you explain that?"

"Ah! Gineral, that is aisy. I get $10 a month for the work I do as a private and $1 for the honor of being a soldier, and you get $300 for the honor of being a gineral and $1 for the work you do."

I now must tell you that General Magruder never passed our company at any time on the march or in camp and saw Tommy that he did not raise his hat and salute the private who explained so fully the odd numbers that Congress fixed as the pay for its officers and soldiers of the line.

occasion. I think that any man who went through the war with Hood's Texans (certainly one of the finest fighting units of our army) has gathered for himself enough glory to last the rest of his days; and, therefore, I trust that the brave captain will pardon me for my interest in my native State.

THE STORY OF A FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

BY CAPT. RICHARD BEARD, IN NASHVILLE BANNER.

Col. James M. King for many years was a wealthy and highly respected citizen of Rutherford County, Tenn. When a young man, during the War of 1812, he enlisted as a soldier in General Jackson's army and was in General Coffee's brigade on the flank of the army in the battle of New Orleans, which received the first fierce onset of the British troops. When young King started to the war, his father gave him a five-dollar gold piece, which he brought home on the conclusion of peace between England and this country. On the eve of his marriage to a young girl of Rutherford County he gave her the coin, and she kept it sacredly from 1815 to the breaking out of the war in 1861.

Colonel King's five sons enlisted in the Confederate army and were with it to the end, in 1865. Three of these boys, T. M. King, Charlie King, and J. M. King, Jr., enlisted in Company I, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and were familiarly known as the "King boys," and no braver or better soldiers ever went into a battle. In May, 1861, the 1st Tennessee went into a camp of instruction at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, and there Tom King was granted a furlough to go home. When he was about to return to his regiment, his mother gave him with her blessing the gold piece that she had kept so sacredly for forty-six years, knowing that there would be dark days ahead of him when he might need it sorely.

About the middle of July, 1861, this regiment, with the 7th and 14th Tennessee, was ordered to Virginia. I belonged at that time to the 17th Tennessee. We were ordered to Manassas; but owing to some delays on the way, especially at Knoxville and at Haynes Station (now Johnson City), we failed to get there in time for the battle. We passed through Bristol, on the Virginia and Tennessee line, the day after that great event; then on to Lynchburg, where we saw a number of wounded brought from the field; then on to Charlottesville, where we found the dormitories of the Virginia University filled with wounded, most of them young men and boys, the very flower of young Southern manhood; then on to Staunton, one of the most beautiful and aristocratic little cities of the State; then to Millboro Station, the terminus of what is now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. There we disembarked and entered on General Lee's campaign in Northwest Virginia, a campaign that tested the mettle of the untried volunteers who were engaged in it; but, on account of the mountainous character of the country, it was unfruitful of any beneficial results to the South.

From Millboro Station we crossed the mountain and made our first night's encampment at Warm Springs, a beautiful and celebrated watering place, now in West Virginia. During the day Charles King became ill, and his brother Tom went to the home of Mrs. J. T. Lockridge, in the village, and asked if his brother could spend the night in her house. "Yes," said she. "Bring him here, and I will take care of him and as many more of your comrades as I can accommodate."

Mrs. Lockridge had two beautiful little daughters about six and eight years of age; and as these were the first Southern soldiers they had seen, the girls enjoyed their coming and became especially fond of Tom King, who was a pleasant and genial young soldier. As the brigade was about to start the next morning on its march through the mountains, Tom King went to Mrs. Lockridge to compensate her for entertaining himself and his friends; but she refused to take anything, saying: "My husband is a member of the Virginia Legislature, an ardent Southern man. I am in full sympathy with him, and I can never think of charging a Southern soldier for anything that I can do for him." But Tom was not satisfied and sent her a note, inclosing the sacred five-dollar gold piece and asking her to give it to her youngest daughter as a token of his remembrance of her kindness.

We then took up our march through the mountains, and after passing Huntersville and crossing the Greenbrier River we came into a perfect wilderness, where for many months we did not see the face of a woman. We became hungry for the sight of one. I remember that the brigade was ordered to a place called Mingo Flats, the 1st Tennessee in front and the 7th and 14th following, and in going down the hillside we saw a log cabin on the roadside in the valley below. As we passed, a wooden blind was thrown open, and a comely Virginia lass, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows (she was evidently just from the washtub), looked out on the passing show. At the very sight of her the 1st Tennessee started a yell that was taken up by the 7th and 14th, and it echoed and reëchoed through those mountains. The Rebel yell on the battle field was not a circumstance to the one we gave that day. The girl was evidently highly gratified by the demonstration made in her honor.

After this campaign was over we were transferred to the Valley under Stonewall Jackson and made with him that fearful winter campaign, through the snow and ice of the mountains, to Bath and Romney, starting out on it January 1, 1862. Shortly after this the 1st Tennessee was transferred from Virginia to the army under Albert Sidney Johnston and made its record in all the battles in the West, from Shiloh to Bentonville. With the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., Tom King and his two brothers received their paroles, went home, and took up the thread of life where it had been broken off four years before. Tom King still lives at a ripe old age, highly respected and esteemed. In 1886 he was elected Circuit Court Clerk of Rutherford County and served for two terms.

He had ceased to think of the gold piece that he had left with the little girl in Virginia; but Mrs. Lockridge never considered that she or her daughter owned it, and she determined to return it to him if she could ever find him. In July, 1896, the city recorder of Murfreesboro received a note from her making inquiry for Tom King or his nearest relatives, and upon receipt of his reply she wrote the following letter:

"DRISCOLL, W. VA., August 17, 1896.

"*Capt. T. M. King:* For over thirty years I have endeavored in many ways to gain the information so courteously given me a few days ago by your city clerk. My daughter once wrote to your county clerk, but received no reply. The resolve to make one more effort was strengthened a few weeks ago while my daughter and I were looking over some mementoes of the past, among which was your note, which I had preserved, giving the name of the regiment and company to which you then belonged. Thus was the idea suggested which has met with gratifying success. The almost historical coin is still in my daughter's possession. In the lapse of years

became especially [illegible] a pleasant and genial young soldier. As the brigade was about to start the next morning on its march through the mountains, Tom King went to Mrs. Lockridge to compensate her for entertaining himself and his friends; but she refused to take anything, saying: "My husband is a member of the Virginia Legislature, an ardent Southern man. I am in full sympathy with him, and I can never think of charging a Southern soldier for anything that I can do for him." But Tom was not satisfied and sent her a note, inclosing the sacred five-dollar gold piece and asking her to give it to her youngest daughter as a token of his remembrance of her kindness.

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